



VOL. XXII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1854.

NO. 49.



"Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

CHARRED FEAT.

With the exception of the experiments made by the company at Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, in charring peat, we believe none have been tried in Maine, with a view of converting this material into charcoal.

The charred peat of the Cape Elizabeth establishment, has been used for a disinfecting substance, and is useful to scatter upon sewers and into places from which unpleasant gases may be expected to arise.

We have found it useful in the chambers of the sick, when circumstances render it necessary to have some absorbent of the kind to keep the air pure.

Pulverized charcoal of any kind is very powerful in preventing any offensive or deleterious odors, arising from putrescent substances. The following experiments related by Dr. Steinhilber, in the Pharmaceutical Journal, will demonstrate this:—

"Mr. Turnbull, about 9 months ago, placed the bodies of two dogs in a wooden box, on a layer of charcoal-powder a few inches in depth, and covered them over with a quantity of the same material. Though the box was quite open, and kept in his laboratory, no effluvia were ever perceptible; and on examining the bodies of the animals at the end of six months, scarcely anything remained of them except their bones. Mr. Turnbull sent me a portion of the charcoal powder which had been most closely in contact with the bodies of the dogs. I submitted it for examination to one of my pupils, Mr. Turner, who found it contained comparatively little ammonia, not a trace of sulphuretted hydrogen, but very appreciable quantities of nitric and sulphuric acids with acid phosphate of lime. Mr. Turner subsequently, about three months ago, buried two rats in about two inches of charcoal-powder, and a few days after the body of a cat was similarly treated. Though the bodies of these animals are in a highly putrid state, not the slightest odor is perceptible in the laboratory. From this short statement of facts, the utility of charcoal-powder as a means of preventing noxious effluvia from church-yards, and from dead bodies in other situations, such as on board ships is sufficiently evident. Covering a church-yard to the depth of two or three inches with charcoal-powder would effectually prevent any putrid exhalations ever finding their way into the atmosphere. Charcoal-powder also greatly favors the rapid decomposition of the dead bodies with which it is in contact, so that in the course of six or eight months little is left except the bones."

But it was of peat as an article of manure that we intended more particularly to speak at present, and to suggest some hints in regard to the mode of preparing it. We know that peat when decomposed by the common process of adding to it ashes or lime, or mingling it with the animal matters of the barn yard, makes a valuable dressing for our lands.

Experiments with charcoal dust lead us to conclude, that peat when made into this article will of course be equally as good. The next question will be,—how is the best mode of preparing it?

It may be done by several modes. 1st. It may be put into large iron cylinders, these cylinders heated, and the volatile parts thus driven off, or in other words, it may be distilled, and the residue remaining in the cylinder will be pure charcoal. This will be somewhat expensive.

2d. A small oven or house may be made of brick, having small apertures for breathing holes left occasionally in its sides and top, and a door, into which to put the peat with some wood, and then be closed after kindling the fire. This is an improved coalpit.

3d. The common coalpit may be prepared with it if mingled with wood, and the process carried on exactly as you would make charcoal in the common way of managing coalpits.

We have stated that experiments have demonstrated the value of pulverized charcoal, as a dressing for the soil. It has been applied in many instances with good success, especially on wheat lands.

A writer in the Germantown Telegraph, over the signature of H., recommends it, after explaining its powers and properties, in the following words:—

"As charcoal is capable of absorbing ninety times its weight of ammonia—alternately absorbing and giving out this highly salutary and efficient agent of vegetable life—and as this economy is continued through the vegetable year—there is no question that its application, in certain definite quantities, would be highly economical, and of great decided advantage to the growing crop. Those who may not feel disposed to go largely into the enterprise, may try it on a small scale, say on a quarter or an eighth of an acre, and if it succeeds in demonstrating its value, they can then extend their operations, and to any extent that may be thought advisable. I have used the article in many ways, and I know of no fertilizer, costing so little that it is worth so much. As an ingredient for composts—no matter what object is used designed—it is invaluable, and, indeed, I know of no preparation in the form of compost, that can be perfect, in which charcoal does not exist. Every person who tries it, will, I am confident, concur with me in recommending its general use, and especially in the culture of the cereal grains."

Our Maxims. Clean up your wood yards annually, and convey the scrapings to your fruit orchards, or to the compost heap.

SCRAPS AND GLEANINGS FROM DIFFERENT FIELDS.

HAIR ROTTED HAY. We suppose every farmer has observed how much more greedily cattle will eat corn husks and stalks that are partially rotted and mouldy, than they will those that are sound and bright. S. W. Johnson, in a recent letter to the Country Gentleman, gives the following account of the mode of managing or curing hay on the Alps, by which it seems to reduce that hay to a similar state with the husks above named.

The hay, he says, is cut here several times during the summer, as I saw it being mowed in many fields where its height was not more than three or four inches. Owing to this frequent cutting, and the abundant rains that fall in the highlands, the grass is very fine and thickest, and of an intense color. On account of the variability of the weather, a peculiar method of curing hay is practiced. One observes numerous little log barns, fifteen by twenty feet square, and ten feet high, scattered over the lower Alps. Into these shambles the hay is thrown while half dry and thoroughly trodden down. It shortly ferments, and the hay becomes dark brown in color, and forms quite a solid mass, which may be cut with a spade. Prof. Fraas, of the Munich University, says, in his "Principles of Agriculture," that this so-called "brown hay" is as good as the ordinary hay; it is, in fact, preferred by cattle, and appears to be more nourishing.

CAPITAL NEEDED IN AGRICULTURE. It is not a little strange that even a farmer, if he chance to have or get a little capital, will invest it in almost anything else than in agriculture. The editor of the Rural New Yorker very truly says the proper application of capital is one of the great needs of American Agriculture. If the money which has of late years been invested in constructing parallel railroads, and other unnecessary and unproductive enterprises, were wisely expended in farming, its possessors and the country would soon be largely benefited. Even if it did not immediately pay heavy dividends, the stock would be constantly improving, and hence the investment prove permanently profitable.—a result quite the reverse of what is true concerning some millions now buried, or lying dormant in the hands of speculators and dividend-seeking corporations and gambling speculators. We hope the time is not far distant, when farmers, at least, will prefer to use their spare capital so far as it may be done advantageously, in permanent improvements on their own premises, from which they are certain of obtaining a return commensurate to the wisdom and extent of the application, instead of investing it with the expectation of early and large dividends in distant and questionable enterprises.

DRESSING FOR STRAWBERRIES. Mr. Charles A. Peabody, one of the editors of the Southern Cultivator, who has become famous for his skill and success in the strawberry culture, says:—"I never use animal manure of any kind—nothing but the leaf mould, and an occasional sprinkling of wood ashes. The leaf mould keeps the ground cool and moist, and as the fruit ripens, the potash and acids contained in it are just what the fruit wants. Should the vines be disposed to spread, keep the runners down by constantly pinching off, and clear out the grass and weeds with the hoe. A few years of this culture will check their disposition to run, and encourage them to fruit. The bed thus once formed and cultivated, will, to my certain knowledge, continue productive twelve years, and I have reason to believe, as much longer as the culture is continued. Should the vines have taken possession of the ground in spite of the efforts to keep the runners down, we go through in the fall with the hoe, thinning out the plants to ten or twelve inches, leaving every cut up vine to decay upon the ground where it grew. We then cover with decaying leaves. When the plants begin to bloom in the spring, a top dressing of wood ashes will be found beneficial. I have tried strawberry culture with the plow, but give only one crop of fruit. It is generally remarked that the wild strawberry is finer flavored than the cultivated, but with this treatment, the latter retains all the original flavor."

It has been recommended to irrigate the strawberry grounds by letting water on the vines; but the strawberry, cultivated after the manner described, can bear as great drought as any other plant. It is not the vines and leaves that want the water, but the flowers and fruit; and the water might come in the form of rain, through the clouds, from an engine, or common watering pot.

QUERY.

Mr. Editor:—I wish to know, through your paper, if you, or any of your subscribers, can inform me what will cure a shackle on a colt, and make him smooth? By so doing, you will greatly oblige Yours, &c., OAKEN FRYE.

Woodstock, Me., Nov., 1854.

NOTE. The term "shackle" is new to us, as applied to disease in horses. Does our friend mean ring-bone, or spavin? Either of these are shackles enough for any horse. Ed.

MUCK ON CLAY SOIL—QUERIES.

Mr. Editor:—I should like to enquire of some of your experienced farmers, who can answer from actual experience, what benefit, if any, is derived from applying intervals muck upon a soil of clay loam? Would it be worth the labor to take out the muck in the fall, and apply it to the soil the next season? Or would it pay to mix it with unleached wood ashes, at fifteen cents per bushel? Let him who knows from actual experience answer. A BECKWITH. No. Newburgh, Nov. 20, 1854.

IMPORTANCE OF DRAINING. By a recent decree of the French government, 100,000 francs, about \$20,000, are devoted to encourage the manufacture of draining tiles for agricultural purposes in the provinces.

NATIONAL CATTLE SHOW.

We had not room in our last to insert the list of premiums awarded to the successful competitors, at the recent national Cattle Show, at Springfield, Ohio. As many of our readers in Maine who are breeders of some of the kinds of cattle there exhibited, feel an interest in the subject, we now insert the official reports.

The labors of the committee, particularly those upon "Short Horns," were extremely arduous, and continued with little interruption, during Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday, about 12 o'clock M., the reports of all except the committee on sweepstakes, were received by the Secretary and read from the stand, as follows:

DURHAM BULLS. 3 years old and upward. First premium, \$300, Perfection; bred by Jeremiah Duncan, owned by Edwin G. Bedford, both of Paris, Ky. Second premium, \$200, to Sheffield, owned by J. W. Robinson, of Madison county, Ohio. Third premium, \$100, to Belmont, owned by Caldwell & Co., Fayette county, Pa.

2 years old. First premium, \$200, to Locomotive, owned by Brutus J. Clay, Paris, Ky. Second premium, \$150, to Colonel, owned by R. G. Dun & Co., Madison county, Ohio. Third premium, \$75, to Lafayette, owned by J. M. Sherwood, Auburn, N. Y.

Yearlings. First premium, \$150, New Year's Day, owned by Chas. M. Clark & Co., Springfield, Ohio. Second premium, \$100, King Cyrus, George M. Bedford, Paris, Ky.

DURHAM COWS AND HEIFERS. 3 years old and upward. First premium, \$200, to Lady Stanhope, owned by Brutus J. Clay, Paris, Ky. Second premium, \$150, Duchess, William Palmer, Fayette county, Ohio. Third premium, \$100, Clara Fisher, S. Meredith, Cambridge, Pa.

2 years old. First premium, \$150, Fashion, J. Steadon, Warren county, Ohio. Second premium, \$100, Laura, Brutus J. Clay, Paris, Ky. Third premium, Mary Clay, S. Meredith, Cambridge, Pa.

Yearlings. First premium, \$100, Louisa, Jeremiah Duncan, Paris, Ky. Second premium, \$75, Easter Day, Charles M. Clark & Co., Springfield, Ohio.

DEVON BULLS. 3 years old. First premium, \$100, Know Nothing, N. W. Smith, Warren county, Ohio. Second premium, \$75, Herod, L. G. Collins, Montgomery county, Pa.

2 years old. First premium, \$80, Moulton, L. F. Allen, Buffalo, N. Y. Second premium, \$60, Jake, E. Merritt, Clark county, Ohio.

Yearlings. First premium, \$50, Priam, L. G. Collins, Pa.

DEVON COWS. 3 years old. First premium, \$100, Sappho, L. F. Allen, Buffalo, N. Y. Second premium, \$75, Frances, L. G. Collins, Montgomery county, Pa.

2 years old. First premium, \$75, Doty, E. M. Merriweather, Todd county, Ky. Second premium, \$50, Devon, N. W. Smith, Warren county, Ohio. A yearling heifer of L. G. Collins was commended.

HEIFER BULLS. 3 years old. First premium, \$100, Carly, Thos. Aston, Elyria, Ohio.

2 years old. First premium, \$80, Mystery, W. H. Sotham, Elyria county, N. Y.

1 year old. First premium, \$75, Delancey, Thos. Aston, Elyria, Ohio.

HEIFER COWS. 3 years old. First premium, \$100, Bombazine, W. H. Sotham, Elyria county, N. Y. Second premium, \$75, Duchess, Thos. Aston, Elyria, Ohio.

2 years old. First premium, \$75, W. H. Sotham.

AYRSHIRE BULLS. 3 years old. First premium, \$100, Dandy, P. Melendy, Hamilton county, Ohio.

2 years old. First premium, \$80, Wallace, T. W. Barber, New Paris, Ohio.

1 year old. First premium, \$75, Dunes, P. Melendy.

NOTES IN SOMERSET COUNTY.

Fairfield, the most southerly town in the county, abounds in fair fields, owned by thrifty farmers, many of whom excel in stock and fruit growing. Like other towns on the Kennebec, it is more level and productive than those farther back.

On the west is Smithfield, formerly called East Pond, from the pond of that name, which is the first of that chain of fire ponds, (East, North, Great, Long, and Snow,) which drain the waters of that section into the Kennebec, by a very circuitous route. I was told the water passed forty-five miles around through these ponds to get three miles ahead, or across. These ponds abound in pickerel, which were introduced into them, and have multiplied so extensively as to nearly exterminate the rest of the fishy tribe. The scenery from the surrounding hills is much enhanced by a view of these sheets of clear, sparkling water.

Mercer, the South East town in the county, is quite broken, but productive. It has many good orchards of choice fruit, and among them the Thompson orchard, containing the original Thompson or Somerset apple. The finest plums I have seen this season, were growing on the farm of Wm. Paine. Small trees of the Peach, Plum, and Damson, were bending under the weight of fruit. The proprietor said these trees did not produce a crop until within a few years, when he put salt and lime around them. Since then, they have done well—were remarkably vigorous, and produce plums of superior size and flavor, in this season of general scarcity of stone fruit.

In the palmy days of potato growing, the farmers here turned out the Merces, and other potatoes were wanted, in great quantities. A starch factory was erected, and thousands of bushels annually worked up at a good profit to the producer and consumer, but the failure of the crop will cause something of a stagnation in the business.

Among other objects of interest in this town, is the famous "big Elm," still growing in all its grandeur. Dimensions as follows: at the bottom, 27 1/2 feet in circumference; 3 feet from the ground, 21 feet. At the distance of 12 feet from the ground, it separates into several branches, each of which would make a good sized tree. It is one hundred feet high, and is estimated to contain twenty-one cords of wood. This looks like a big story, but it is a big tree.

The town of Starks contains many excellent farms, especially on the Sandy River intervals. The serpentine course of the river is such as to form an extensive valley, portions of which are often irrigated and fertilized by freshets. Sometimes the rise of water below, causes it to back on and leave a good top dressing of vegetable matter. The extensive corn fields on these intervals remind one of Western prairies.

I think no portion of the State has suffered less from the severe drought than this. The deep permeable soil, and its proximity to the river, combine to keep it moist.

There are three potato starch factories in the town, which would indicate abundant crops of potatoes in former years.

Among the noted farms, that of James M. Hilton is one of high order, in size, appearance, ease of cultivation, productiveness, &c. It contains 400 acres of land, on the east side of Sandy River, and but few miles also its junction with the Kennebec. One unbroken field of intervals contains 115 acres, nearly bounded by the river, which gives it the form of a beautiful peninsula. Here his thirty head of cattle, from the 74 foot ox, down to the sick yearling, were cropping the "tall feed" for this season. Friend H. showed me his corn field, which was well worth visiting. A portion of it had just been cleared from pine stumps. Here the golden ears were up to my shoulders. His corn is the twelve rowed variety,—the same that has been planted for eighty years in succession on this farm, and has never become mixed or degenerated. A few hills of Wisconsin corn, planted for experiment, had ripened. The ears were as high as my own, and one of them girthed 7 1/2 inches, and was 20 rowed.

A heap of 16 cartloads of pumpkins, looked like those of olden time. He has potatoes enough, and big enough to satisfy any reasonable farmer.

In his three well packed barns, were, upon estimate, 100 tons of hay, and 800 bushels of oats, besides other crops. The labor on the farm the past season has been performed by three men, with one extra hand during haying. Friend H. has spent much time in lumbering and clearing up woodland, so the capacity of the farm has never been proved. With more labor the crops may be greatly increased.

In passing the burial ground, on the banks of the river, I noticed the following inscription:—"Col. James Waugh, born near this spot, June 10, 1775, died Aug. 31, 1818. He was the first child born of English parents in Somerset county." This incident led to inquiry, by which I learned the following facts:—James Waugh, (I think father of Col. James,) came here from Townsend, Mass., where this place was called Little Norridgewock, built the first barn in the county, north of Waterville. It was 20 feet square, first covered with spruce bark, and with boards, pegged on. A part of that barn is still remaining, with its peg holes. His house was built bullet proof, to secure it from the attacks of the Indians.

This farm has long been called the "Waugh farm," having been occupied until recently by the descendants of the first settler of that name. I understand the present proprietor proposes selling it; if so, here is a rare chance for a large stock or seed farm, or if some enterprising farmer wishes to see "his children, and his children's children," settled around him, here is elbow room enough.

GIANTIC EARS OF OATS. The editors of the Black River Standard have recently handed to them an ear of oats grown by Mr. Cronkshaw, of Belthorn, which contained two hundred grains.

FOWL-MEADOW GRASS.

Among our native grasses, I would call attention to the "fowl-meadow," which grew wild at Madawaska before that place was settled by the Arocanian French. It flourishes best on "intervals," or meadows along rivers or streams, which in the spring are overflowed by backwaters or eddies, and receive a rich deposit of earth or mud. It also grows well where there is an overflow from the rise of water in natural or artificial ponds, provided the water runs off before the weather becomes too warm, and the land is well drained. If not, other water-grasses will prevail and force the fowl-meadow out. With an abundant spring overflow, with perfect drainage when the waters of the ponds or streams subside, fowl-meadow will give a crop of more value than any other grass. Water lying upon it all winter will kill it; but an occasional overflow by winter freshets is beneficial.

If this grass be cut three or four years before a portion of the seed scatters itself, it will disappear. A safe practice is, never to cut it for hay before the seed is ripe, which takes place before the stalks begin to turn. Where the seed naturally takes root in open space, in two or three years it "fills," or forms a bunch of numerous stalks, short-lived; but in cases where a meadow of this grass has been cut, two years in succession, earlier than the seed could scatter itself, by harrowing the surface and breaking the long fibrous roots, the plants will be multiplied from these roots. If the meadow be mired or soft, let it be harrowed when the frost is about half out.

In feeding out the hay, it is a good practice to save the seed-chaff, and scatter it over "swales," or moist upland moving-logs, and over well-drained lowlands occasionally overflowed. In such situations it produces seed in abundance, and will readily take root among other grasses. Sown liberally over moist old moving-fields, it will keep out much foul vegetation, which would otherwise be liable to work in.

It is another good practice for the farmer to cultivate a small patch of fowl-meadow, to ripen for seed to sow over such other moving-logs as are mired too early to ripen the seed. It need not stand late, as, after reaping the tops for seed, the butts may be mown for hay.

As fodder for cows and sheep, fowl-meadow makes an excellent hay; but for horse-feed, with grain, it is too fine to keep the bowels of the animal properly distended for health. It here may be remarked that, however large, the yield of this grass never is coarse. As the butts are eaten with relish, there is no waste in feeding out. If the burden be heavy, it does not fall flat on the ground by its own weight, but "crumples" with the lower part on or near the ground, with the tops erect. If a summer freshet beats down this grass flat on the ground, new plants increasing "firin" start up from the joints, and reseed the water without rot or decay.

The butts, or stalks, of this grass, near the ground, being small, wiry, and full of joints, containing very little moisture, are easily dried and converted into hay; and as the upper portions of the plants are small and limber, it is very little affected by rains when lying in the cock in the field. Hence it is very easily made into hay.

[Patent Office Report for 1853.]

EFFECT OF FROST ON VEGETABLES.

As the season is at hand when greenhouse and other plants are liable to injury from frost, it may not be unwise to devote a few moments to the consideration of the manner in which it affects plants and the best means of avoiding its influence.

It is not the freezing that does the injury. This really renders the things frozen warmer, by developing the latent heat of its watery parts. The density of the frozen water is what we have to guard against. In all thawing the solid substance, as ice, takes up from surrounding bodies, or from the air, the heat necessary to render it liquid, and as soon as the process is commenced, by the sun's rays or otherwise, it is continued by obtaining a part or the whole of the required heat from neighboring bodies; this loss of heat causes the bad effect. If we freeze the ear no harm is necessarily done. If we grow a fire, or in any other way produce a rapid thawing, we are liable to lose the whole or parts of the organs, because the heat of the flesh is rapidly abstracted. If, on the contrary, we apply snow to it, we render the melting process gradual so that the flesh is not injured by the loss of heat. Many other instances of a similar character might be given were it necessary. The same rule holds good in the case of plants. When their leaves or fruit are frozen, all that is necessary to apply snow, cold water, &c., or in some other way to prevent the rapid thawing of their ice. By attention to this point many valuable plants may be saved from the ravages of frost. In cold climates delicate trees or vines may be planted on the northwest slopes of hills, or on the same side of fences or houses, and the tempering of the heat of the morning sun will prevent them from being injured by the rapid extraction of their frost. [N. Y. Evening Post.]

GEOLOGICAL WONDER IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

R. Cook, a correspondent of the London Illustrated News, has, through that paper, presented a sketch of a wonderful scene in New South Wales: the rocks present the appearance of having been battered with cannon, and the ground is strewn with large globular blocks of granite. Some of these are plunged into the rocks as if the latter had been in a state when these geological balls were forced into them. It is one of the most remarkable and mysterious features of geology yet discovered. We have no doubt but the moon's surface is studded over with the same kind of globular masses; the lunar daguerotypes of Mr. Whipple, of Boston, afford some evidence for entertaining this opinion.

GOOD GARDENING. One of our fellow citizens who owns and cultivates half an acre of land, says that he has raised from all the vegetables that shall want for his own family use, and now has a surplus worth from thirty to forty dollars to dispose of. Besides, he already raises about fifty varieties of fruit, and says that in five years he will produce one hundred varieties of fruit from this half acre. This man cultivates his land intelligently, and consequently, to some purpose. [Bangor Whig.]

ODE TO A GOOSE.

BY ALDERMAN.

All hail, thou bird of hissing fame!
From whatever farm you came,
Your form is fat and plump—
A better fed one cannot be;
And then, 'tis wonderful to see
The fat upon your rump.
Gazing upon you, down my chops
The water in abundance drops—
O, what a leg and wing!
A goose is worth them all.
With sage and onions you would make
A dinner for a king.
Could I not feed, with real zest,
On ample slices from thy breast,
Prime goose of all the flock!
And then thy giblets, dainty group!
Would make a d'ah of famous soup,
As rich as turtle mock.
Talk not of pigeon, fowl nor duck,
Nor any other bird to pluck,
Including great and small;
For, be they wild or be they tame,
I pledge my Aldermanic fame,
A goose is worth them all.
How eagerly I'd go to work,
In thy roast carcass stick my fork,
And carve thee in a trice.
Delicious prospect, and no joke!
Upon my table thou shalt smoke—
Come, Poulterer, what's the price!

DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

TO ROAST A GOOSE. Having picked, drawn and singed the goose, cut off the head and neck, leaving sufficient skin to tie over the neck bone. Take off the legs and wings at the first joint. Stuff with chopped sage and onion, and a few bread crumbs seasoned with pepper and salt. Cut off the end of the vent, and make a slit sufficiently large to admit the rump through, into the cavity of the body. Tie the skin of the neck securely to prevent the gravy from running out, and tie a string round the goose over the wings, and another over the legs. Pepper the breast for a short time. Rub a few pieces of butter in the shoulders and back, to baste with; but as it is naturally greasy, it will soon yield sufficient fat for that purpose. It will require full two hours roasting. It should be well done.

Serve it with plenty of gravy and apple sauce. The liver, gizzard, head, neck, feet, and pinions of the goose, form what is termed the giblets, and make an excellent pie, or a savory stew. Thus:—Having scalded and picked them, cut them in pieces, wash them clean, and put them into a saucepan with a piece of scrag of veal, cover them with water, and let them boil up; then take off the scum quite clean, and add three onions, two turnips, one carrot, and a little thyme and parsley; stew them till they are tender, and strain them through a sieve; wash the giblets clean from the herbs, &c. Now take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, put it into a saucepan with a large spoonful of flour, and stir it about till it is well mixed and smooth; then put in the broth and giblets, stew them a quarter of an hour, season with salt and a little pepper, and just before you serve them up, chop a handful of green parsley, and put it in. Give it a boil up and serve them in a tureen.

REAL "ENGLISH PUM PLUMING."

One lb. each of flour, beef, suet, sugar, currants and raisins; four eggs, one pint of milk, spice to the taste; tie in a bag—allow no room for swelling, and boil four hours. This rule is from an English family.

APPLE DUMPLINGS. With a narrow knife or apple corer, take out the core of pared tart melon apples, and fill the place of the core with sugar; roll out some plain light pie crust about two-thirds of an inch thick, and cut into pieces of just sufficient size to roll the apple in. Enclose an apple in each piece, tying each in a thick piece of cloth well floured. Boil one hour without interruption. A better way is to cover each cloth with soft boiled rice, enclose the apple in this and tie the cloth around snugly and boil till the apple is tender.

CRANBERRY SAUCE. Pick and wash three quarts of cranberries; put them into a stew pan with one quart of water, cover the pan, and when they are stewed tender, stir in two quarts of sugar, stir until all the sugar is dissolved, then take the sauce from the fire, dish it and serve. The above proportions are easily remembered, one of water, two of sugar, three of cranberries; and they will always make an excellent sauce.

COLD SALAD. Cut a hard white head of cabbage in two, shave one half as finely as possible, and put it into a stew-pan with a bit of butter, the size of an egg, one small teaspoonful of salt, and nearly as much pepper; add to it a wine-glass of vinegar; cover the stew-pan, and set it over a gentle heat for five minutes, shake the stew-pan about; when heated through, turn it into a dish, and serve as a salad.

A GOOD WAY OF COOKING OYSTERS. It is a good plan to boil oysters in milk and water; it diminishes the strong taste of that vegetable. It is an excellent way of serving up oysters, to chop them after they are boiled, and put them in a stew-pan, with a little milk, butter, salt, and pepper, and let them stew about fifteen minutes. This gives them a fine flavor, and they can be served up very hot.

FOR CHILBLAINS. One ounce of camphorated spirit of wine, half an ounce of liquid subacetate of lead; mix, and apply in the usual manner three or four times a day. Some persons use vinegar as a preventative; its efficacy might be increased, by the addition of one-fourth of camphorated spirit.

SEWAGE MANURE. Thus, Wicketed, of Leicester, England, has secured a patent for making sewage manure, by mixing charcoal reduced to fine powder with milk of lime, of the thickness of cream, and then causing this mixture to flow into a stream of the sewage water by means of pumps. It appears to us that much of the sewage deposits in this city could be converted into excellent manure and sold with great profit. A company organized for manufacturing a fertilizing material, would save a great deal to our country every year; and it would also save this city an immense sum, by preventing the sewage mud from filling up our docks. [Ex.]

VALUE OF WHEAT BRAN.

M. MOURIES HAS PRESENTED TO THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES A MEMOIR ON THE PROXIMATE PRINCIPLES CONTAINED IN WHEAT BRAN, AND ON THE PART THEY PLAY IN BREAD-MAKING AND IN ANIMAL NUTRITION.

Bran contains starch, azotized matter, and a colored pellicle which is considered to be nutritious. Flour from which the bran has not been separated, is known to furnish a sort of bread which many physicians prescribe in cases of habitual constipation, and where there is a tendency to congestion on the brain. It is also known on the authority of Mejdand, that dogs live when fed on brown bread, whilst they die when fed exclusively on white bread. What is the reason of this difference? What part does bran play in alimentation? It cannot be solely owing to the nitrogen of its proximate principles; for the relative quantity of the former is small compared with that found in the fine flour. M. Mouries has discovered that the internal surface of bran contains several azotized principles, the characters and species of which are still to be determined. But these principles combined dissolve in tepid water, and, like dextrine, possess the remarkable property of liquefying starch, converting it into dextrine and sugar; it is therefore principally by inducing a sort of fermentation that bran acts in a peculiar manner in bread making, and afterwards in digestion. Let a certain quantity of common starch, heated to between 104° and 112° Fahr., be divided in two parts. Let water in which bran has been steeped when the water was tepid be added to the first portion, and an equal quantity of distilled water to the second, it will be found that the greater part of the first half of the starch, that to which the bran water was added, will dissolve, whilst the second half will not undergo any change. Water containing iodine will color the first portion purple, and the second blue. One thousand grains of starch in 15,000 grains of water, mixed with 1000 grains of water in which 200 grains of bran had been steeped when tepid, became liquid in 20 minutes at the temperature of 104°.

After two hours, the solid residue was 151.3 grains; and the water when evaporated left 850 grains of dextrine and sugar. The active matter of bran-water differs from that of barley or of dextrine, inasmuch as its action is destroyed when it is precipitated by alcohol; whereas that of dextrine is not. Moreover, to produce the same effect on the former, a temperature of 167° is sufficient; whereas the latter requires from 208° to 212°. The effect of bran in bread is in conformity with the preceding; for 130 parts by weight of this bread, supposed to be dry, pounded with 520 parts of water, readily dries, and at the expiration of three hours, in a temperature of 104°, the mixture assumes a milky appearance and may be filtered. The following are the proportions of soluble and insoluble matter contained in the brown bread:

Soluble matter dried at 212°	89.35
Insoluble matter	69.75
One hundred and thirty parts of white bread, supposed to be dry, pounded with 520 parts of water, only form, after long trituration, at a temperature of 104°, a half solid mass, represented as follows:	
Soluble matter	9.33
Insoluble matter	120.35

It appears that the action of the bran on the fine flour commences when the paste is being formed, increases whilst the bread is being baked, and is only completed in the stomach. The experiments of M. Mouries, therefore, explain the difference between brown and white bread by the action of the bran on the starch, the bran being present in the brown bread, and absent in the white bread. [Comptes Rendus.]

* THE SUBSTANCE CONTAINED IN MALTS WHICH CONVERTS STARCH INTO DEXTRINE AND GRAPE SUGAR.

It is said that one part of dextrine will convert into sugar 2000 parts of starch.

LYCK STOCK ON THE RISE. We saw yesterday some fifty head of live beef cattle in process of being loaded on board a vessel from Smith's Wharf in this city. A sling was placed under their bodies and they were thus raised from their underpinnings without much ceremony, and swung off the wharf and lowered into the ship's hold like a barrel of flour. This is a new business in Portland of late years. The shipment was being made by Messrs. Hyland, Cummings & Wells, merchants of New York. The cattle are to be taken to Bermuda. In part fulfillment of a contract entered into by these gentlemen with the British government for the supply of fresh beef for the army stationed there, Mr. Cummings was formerly a citizen of Portland. [Portland Argus.]

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

We have several times

The Muse.

[From the United States Review.]

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING BELLS.

The bells! the bells! the Nation's bells!
O, joyfully their anthem swell!
At Plymouth's rock their stately first;
And now on Alleghany burst;
And now they wake Ohio's clime;
And now they stir the Southern palm:

Hurrah!

Not from one State alone the music swell—
Mark! the whole Nation speaks within the bells!
The bells! the bells! the joyous bells!
Majestic their anthem swell:
It mingles with Niagara's roar!
It breaks on California's shore,
And thanks the God who guides our clime,
And plenty gives, in every clime,

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"'Tis the truth. Why, Stanley Clark used to ride out here every day last summer—sometimes with a bouquet, sometimes a book or a piece of music, for Miss Kate Roylston."

Ralph looked up inquiringly at his older cousin—her face was crimson.

"Ah!" said Ralph, "is that it? Kate, I wish you joy. There isn't a more noble-souled fellow in the world—I know not where you'll find his equal."

"Wait till you have more room for congratulation than now," returned Kate, half scornfully.

"Oh, 'Kate, Kate, my super-dainty Kate, for dainties are all cakes, and therefore Kate, take this of me, Kate of my consolation,'" quoted Ralph, merrily.

"How absurd!—we are all getting—Come, why don't you ask after some old friends of yours—the McLeods?"

"Simply because I have the latest news, my little cousin—we came home in the same steamer."

"You are joking," exclaimed Kate, setting her cup down, in amazement. "Why Evelyn wrote me that they were going direct to Scotland, and should not return until next spring."

"There's nothing easier than to change one's mind. I met them, and taking pity upon my lonely bachelor situation, they concluded to return some months earlier."

"You met them—where?"

"In the Highlands."

"You didn't go to Scotland?"

"I did."

"What for, pray?"

"Well, you're quizzing me pretty hard, Kate, but I'll make a clean breast of it. I heard, through Malcolm McLeod, whom I met in Paris, that the family were in the Highlands, and at his invitation I went home with him to shoot."

"To shoot—ha, ha!" laughed Kate; "was it pretty Evelyn McLeod's heart, Ralph?"

"No," he answered, with a strange smile, which did not escape his cousin's observant eye, or fail to confirm previous impressions—namely, that Ralph Raymond, with all his high principles and delicate notions of honor, had been flirting with Evelyn McLeod.

CHAPTER II.

"Come, girls," said Ralph, the next morning, "come up into my room and see what I have brought for presents from Europe for you—Throw down that duster, Kate, and leave domestic affairs awhile, and honor my room with your presence. I shall need you for ballast amid such a quantity of light heads," and away he went, chased by the gay group, while Kate followed more steadily in the rear.

There was a pin and car-rings from Italy for the coquettish Julia, a gem of a painting for Helen, and an India scarf for Jenny—and several beautiful knick-knacks from Paris.

"Haven't you brought Kate anything?" said Kate, suddenly looking up from just tossed into her lap.

Kate was standing by the window, somewhat apart from the rest, and watching them with a quiet smile, as her cousin came up to her and took her hand.

"Will you take my gift, Kate?" he said, as he proceeded to fit the ring he held to one of her fingers.

It was a beautiful little affair—the six several stones spelling by their initials letters, "regard," ruby, emerald, garnet, amethyst, ruby again, and diamond.

"Then, Kate, it will only fit the third finger; never mind, it is the betrothal finger—let it remain till Stanley displaces it, for our relation's sake."

She had no time to retort to this, for some one just then looked in, saying that Miss McLeod was in the parlor, still retaining the jewel which he had placed it, ran down to meet her friend.

"So you changed your mind about coming home in the spring?" remarked Kate, as they sat conversing.

"Yes, Ralph has told you, I suppose, that my health was not so good, and he advised me strongly to return," replied Evelyn, with a slight blush.

Kate did not answer save by an inclination of her head; it was so strange Ralph had not told her this—it was so unjust in him to trifle with Evelyn so. What could he mean? While she was thus thinking, the door opened, and Ralph himself entered. A vivid crimson suffused Miss McLeod's fair face as she rose to receive his hand, but the gentleman, with careless unconcern, almost contempt, just touched the small fingers extended to meet his own, and seating himself at some distance from her, joined now and then with the conversation, which his cousin strove to keep up, with a mischievous sarcasm which fairly put Kate into a passion; while pale and paler grew her young guest, till all her beautiful bloom and vivacity had vanished, and when at last she rose to go, Kate followed her into the hall, with her indignation and sympathy fully aroused; and with more affection than she usually demonstrated, bent down to kiss her as she wished her good morning. In a moment the pretty arms were around Kate's neck, and she was murmuring into Kate's ear the story of her troubled heart in a voice broken by sobs.

"It will end well, I promise you, Evelyn," said she, as her young friend at last left her.

Kate Roylston was the first Evelyn would have chosen for a confidant, had she known that from her girlhood she had made Ralph the hero of her dreams. Yes, it was even so. The proud, self-reliant Catharine Roylston had secretly loved Ralph Raymond all these years. The knowledge that she was unrequited, unloved, and unsatisfied by him, brought both humiliation and satisfaction to that haughty spirit. Evelyn, at least, should not be made miserable, she inwardly ejaculated, and with the impulsive generosity of her nature, she determined to make her happy.

CHAPTER III.

"Why in the world wasn't you more civil?" she exclaimed, as she re-entered the parlor where Ralph sat half-asleep in an easy-chair.

He looked up in surprise. "Owl! what do you mean?"

"I think you are absolutely unfeeling!"

"Why?"

"Why? because you have no mercy on Evelyn McLeod, sometimes," said his cousin, bluntly; "it may be fun for you to dash to her."

"Do you think so, candidly and honestly?"

"Yes, I do, Ralph; and if you love her, why in the world don't you marry her?"

"Oh, it's a very pleasant boy. I don't care to read it through hurriedly; let me take my time," and he picked up from the table a miniature which, strangely enough, chanced to be a double case, containing a likeness of his cousin Kate and Evelyn McLeod. His eye lighted with a sudden smile. "Will you give me this, Kate?" he said, without looking up.

A thought darted through her brain; with all the enthusiasm of her nature she had promised in her own heart to make Evelyn happy; here was an opportunity to serve her, for she did not doubt that her cousin wished the case for the picture of her friend, so she said, calmly, "Yes, Ralph, I will give it to you if you will make me a promise."

"What is it?"

"Oh, 'tis a blind promise," she replied, laughing gently. "I'm going to make a great mystery of it, but 'tis for your good. Nevertheless, listen. I will write whatever I require upon a slip of paper folded and sealed. You shall promise upon your gentlemanly honor, which you prize so much," she said, significantly, "to fulfill its requirements. Will you trust me, Ralph?"

"Do you really wish this, Kate?"

"I do."

"Well, I will promise; let me seal it here," and he bent down and kissed the small, fair hand. She meditated awhile, and then going to the little writing-desk which stood upon a stand near by, she wrote as follows:—

"I, Ralph Raymond, do promise my cousin Kate, upon my sacred honor, to offer my hand and heart to the lady who wears the white rose at supper on Thanksgiving night."

He smiled as he took it folded and sealed, and placing it in his vest-pocket, laughingly said, "You're up to some of your old jokes, I know by the twinkle of your eye, Kate; but when am I to open this mysterious document?"

"As soon after supper to-morrow night as you choose, and now take yourself off—I want to sweep and dust—here's your hat," and laughing lightly she gave him a little push towards the door.

Ralph was somewhat surprised to see Miss Evelyn McLeod when he presented himself in the drawing-room the next afternoon, but mindful of Kate's lecture, he presumed he stood for the previous day's neglect, by an extra portion of politeness. He was playing the agreeable most successfully beside Evelyn, when his cousin called from the conservatory to them.

"Come and see my roses—they are all in bloom," Kate had a passion for roses, and when Evelyn entered, she severed a beautiful white one from its stem and twined it in amid that young lady's light-brown hair; while for her own raven braids she selected a crimson one of the damask species.

"I call that poor taste, Kate," broke in Ralph, abruptly. "The red rose for your young friend's golden tresses," bowing gallantly to the blushing girl by his side, "and the white against your own, would be far better."

"Nonsense, I go by the emblems; don't you see that Eve is the white rose herself, and I, more this dark, strong damask?"

"Oh, if you are coming to emblems, I have nothing to say. I was merely deciding a matter of taste."

"Well, we'll let your royal taste go now, but as she has by her emblematic decision," and Kate, linking her arm within that of her friend, Kate turned to leave the conservatory. It had grown quite dark by this time, and she accidentally ran against a footstool; the motion dislodging the rose which she had stuck carelessly in her braids, it fell to the floor.

"Let me place it in again for you," exclaimed Evelyn, suddenly, as she stopped to pick it up, and after arranging it to her satisfaction, the two rejoined Ralph, who was standing by the blazing fire in the drawing-room absorbed in thought. They stood there until the tea-bell sounded, and then Kate catching little Fan's hand ran out of the room, bidding Ralph, by gay tones, to guide Evelyn through the darkness, for the parlor was yet unlit. Such a pleasant, gleeful contention as there was among the little folk in the supper room, as to who should sit here and who there—but at last it was settled to everybody's satisfaction; Kate, as usual, at the foot of the table, amid the group of children, while her cousin and his companion were far out of her reach and sight at the upper end.

CHAPTER IV.

When there was no need of exerting herself in conversation, Kate's spirits fell. Perhaps she had overrated her duty in impulse. Perhaps after all Ralph was not so much to blame as she had imagined, and even if he was, had she done the right, proper thing towards him in thus drawing him into such a snare? The strange-ness of the notion for the first time came over her, as she sat there silent and sad, and a feeling of loneliness and desolation, for the first time, too, overwhelmed her—she longed to steal away somewhere all alone and have a good cry; and as soon as the signal was given to remove, she slipped quietly out of the door near which her chair stood, and fled with footstep to the back staircase to her father's little study, which she knew would be vacant. Oh, safe and sure retreat! how welcome it was to her, and sinking down upon the lounge, she buried her face in its cushions, and wept unrestrainedly.

"My poor Kate, what is the matter?" It was Ralph's voice! he had entered so noiselessly she was not aware of his presence until he spoke. She did not reply or look up, and he stood regarding her a moment almost mournfully, and then laying his hand upon her head, he said, "Kate, what is it that troubles you? Let me comfort you; it grieves me to see you thus—come, come, confide in me."

"What could you feel a heavy blow," falls on as both her nature near to steel.

A shiver ran over her frame, but by a strong effort she controlled herself, and half raising her head, she said:—

"Oh, I'm tired out, that's all, I am. I always feel sad and nervous when I am tired."

He looked at her rather anxiously, and then in lighter tones, said:—

"I came up here to open this mysterious document," taking from his pocket the paper she had given him, "and I was in search of you to bear me company."

She shaded her eyes with her hand while he opened it. A look of blank amazement broke over her face, and was as quickly succeeded by an expression of sadness and joy. Kate would have been at a loss to understand; but she still sat with her eyes shaded, and was only aroused by his voice, in a tone which startled her, saying:—

"Kate, dear Kate, you have forgotten one feature—will the lady in question accept me, do you think?"

"How can you ask that, Ralph; do you doubt where Ralph sat half-asleep in an easy-chair. He looked up in surprise. "Owl! what do you mean?"

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A thought darted through her brain; with all the enthusiasm of her nature she had promised in her own heart to make Evelyn happy; here was an opportunity to serve her, for she did not doubt that her cousin wished the case for the picture of her friend, so she said, calmly, "Yes, Ralph, I will give it to you if you will make me a promise."

"What is it?"

"Oh, 'tis a blind promise," she replied, laughing gently. "I'm going to make a great mystery of it, but 'tis for your good. Nevertheless, listen. I will write whatever I require upon a slip of paper folded and sealed. You shall promise upon your gentlemanly honor, which you prize so much," she said, significantly, "to fulfill its requirements. Will you trust me, Ralph?"

"Do you really wish this, Kate?"

"I do."

"Well, I will promise; let me seal it here," and he bent down and kissed the small, fair hand. She meditated awhile, and then going to the little writing-desk which stood upon a stand near by, she wrote as follows:—

"I, Ralph Raymond, do promise my cousin Kate, upon my sacred honor, to offer my hand and heart to the lady who wears the white rose at supper on Thanksgiving night."

He smiled as he took it folded and sealed, and placing it in his vest-pocket, laughingly said, "You're up to some of your old jokes, I know by the twinkle of your eye, Kate; but when am I to open this mysterious document?"